

After reading these letters, particularly those from the little niece and nephew which were never delivered, and the one from the woman he was to have married, we can read perhaps deeper feeling and truth in the following well known poems :

#### WE SHALL NOT SLEEP

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the Crosses row on row,  
That mark our place ; and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead.  
Short days ago we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,  
To you from falling hands we throw the torch—  
    be yours to hold it high ;  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

#### AN ANSWER

In Flanders fields the cannons boom  
And fitful flashes light the gloom,  
While up above, like eagles, fly  
The fierce destroyers of the sky ;  
With stains the earth wherein you lie  
Is redder than the poppy bloom  
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,  
The quaking trench, the startled yell,  
The fury of the battle hell  
Shall wake you not, for all is well,  
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.  
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,  
With burning heart an oath we swear  
To keep the faith, to fight it through,  
To crush the foe or sleep with you  
In Flanders fields.